OH! HOW WE LOVE OUR ALMA MATER

FEATURED IN THE
RADIO TALKING PICTURE

"THE CUCKOOS"

STARRING
BERT WHEELER
BOB WOOLSEY
AND
DOROTHY LEE

WORDS BY
BERT KALMAR
MUSIC BY
HARRY RUBY

Wherever You Are
I Love You So Much
All Alone Monday
Dancing The Devil Away
Oh! How We Love
Our Alma Mater

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Oh! How We Love Our Alma Mater

"The Cuckoos"

Tune Ukulele

G C E A

By BERT KALMAR
and HARRY RUBY

Not too fast
Piano
f
sf
Till ready
mf
We were al-ways cursed With a burn-ing thirst, A thirst for know-ledge
high-ly in-tel-lec-tu-al. U-ni-ver-si-ty
Grad-u-ates are we, You'll doubt we are, or rath-er we ex-pect you will.—

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In roun-de-lays, We love to praise Our
dear old col - lege days.
poco rit.
Refrain
Our col - lege ed - u - ca - tion made us what we are to
We burned a lot of mid-night oil be - fore we learned to
We called up - on the dean each night, And oh! Did we have
p-f
day. Oh! How we love our Al - ma Ma -
shout. Oh! How we love our Al - ma Ma -
fun! Oh! How we love our Al - ma Ma -

ter! They threw us out of ev - 'ry col - lege in the U. S.
ter! We learned a lot that we for - got As soon as we got
ter! The dean was six - ty five years old, His wife was twen - ty -
A. Oh! How we love our Al - ma Ma -
out. Oh! How we love our Al - ma Ma -
one. Oh! How we love our Al - ma Ma -
ter! For years and years we went to school And stud - ied day and
ter! The col - lege girls we met were ver - y pret - ty as a
ter! On grad - u - a - tion day the boys walked out with their de -
mf
night, And when we went to get a job, There was - n't one in
rule; They helped us with our stud - ies ev - 'ry eve - ning af - ter
grees, With P. H. D's and L. L. D's and oth - ers with A.

sight. The boss - es that we in - ter-viewed could hard - ly read or
school. We were - n't good in bo - ta - ny, but in a vest - i -
B's. We left our I. O. U's and walked out with our B. V.
write. Oh! How we love our Al - ma Ma -
bule. Oh! How we love our Al - ma Ma -
D's. Oh! How we love our Al - ma Ma -
f
1
2
to Patter
3
for time
Fine
ter! We - ter! If you - ter!
sf
Fine
Patter
ev - er see a bum nigh, You'll know that
mf (quasi Music box)

he's one of our a - lum - ni. In
ev - 'ry col - lege in the land we've had our fling; It
p lightly
seems that we've been stu - di - ous from birth. We've
been to dear old Jo - li - et and Os - sin - ing, And
✲ Open Strings

spent a term or two in Leav-en - worth. In search of ed-u-
mf
p
ca - tion we went for a sail; Our stu - dies took in man - y forms and
types. We won a scho-lar - ship in Dan-ne - mor - a jail;
Three cheers for the bars and the stripes! We
(in tempo)
Back to Refrain
f
Open Strings